No. 3. PAGE 9

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1804.

ESSAYS.

FOR THE HIVE.

THAT mode of life is certainly erroneous, where individuals pursue no mode of conduct becoming their dignity as rational beings; but appear to be governed by a principle little better than brutal instinct, where the height of their wishes is in the gratification of their sensual appetites. I have been led into this remark by the liberty I have often taken, among those with whom I am acquainted, of inquiring why, after the hours of business, they did not devote their time to some literary pursuit? With some, the inquiry has been treated with silence; by others, with the most haughty contempt; and I was told by a few, that they had no time to devote to any *such* employment, much as they might wish to engage in it; that, while at school, they were found to have such an aversion to learning, and books of every description, that they had been pronounced, by the tutor, incapable of any improvement; that reading and study were *dry* employments of a leisure hour, which yielded no *pleasure* at all, compared to that found in the company of a club of '*jovial lads*' at the tavern, where nothing but a full bottle and the rattle of the dice-box occupy the minds of the happy guests; and besides, their parents had told them, they had "no need of learning at all," for *they* were not going to be philosophers nor statesmen, and therefore, would be better members of society without so much study and "book-learning." Such are the pitiful answers I have met with; such are the fatal principles held, and absurd arguments used in their vindication.

It has often been remarked, that this doctrine is no where more prevalent, nor more warmly advocated, than in this place and its vicinity: insomuch, that there is scarcely the smallest hope left to cheer the prospect of neglected learning, and derided virtue. Often has the eye of the passing traveller been led to view, with pity and regret, the almost total want of improvement, in literature, by a people enjoying all the smiles of wealth and affluence, and possessing all the necessary means for the attainment of so laudable an end. Often has the pen of the moralist, and the sacred eloquence of the pulpit, been employed in sounding into their ears the importance of virtue and mental improvement to their individual, as well as collective, happiness and welfare. And yet, notwithstanding these salutary admonitions, do we not find many pursuing an opposite course, to the manifest injury of themselves and disadvantage of the community to which they belong.

The generality of the youth of this place exhibit an awful spectacle of ignorance, vice, dissipation, and debauchery. Behold the lad, scarcely free from the care of the nursery, becoming a most devout worshiper at the shrine of Bacchus. See him, shortly after, enter the haunts of debauchery, with all that fashionable pomp which characterises true well-bred ignorance; there to *kill* that time which should be devoted to reading and reflection, in the vain pursuit of nominal pleasures, among the vicious and abandoned, the infamous and profligate. Look at him now, after his health and youthful vigour have decayed, and his intellectual faculties are stupified—he stands as a candidate for admission into the rights, privileges, and honors, of the noble society of LOUNGERS, at the borough Hotel. It is needless to proceed; for these truths are so self-evident as to admit of no illustration. It is a just representation, and lies open to full view. Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he calmly contemplates the prospect which it exhibits?

Ye thoughtless and dissipated, who haunt this town and its suburbs, behold but for a moment, the impenetrable gloom which hangs over you; and resolve, ere woeful experience proves to you your folly, to abandon the dangerous course you have been too long running, to your own loss and to the disgrace of humanity. SENECA.

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FOR THE HIVE.

THE diversity of opinion, in the minds of men, is productive of much good, as well as useful information, to society. It induces us to search and inquire after truths, which, but for this diversity, would probably never have been conceived of, nor attained. It is to this we owe almost all the speculative and useful knowledge of which the world is now possessed; for, it is the desire of maintaining our own opinions, in opposition to those of others, which alone can rouse to action the latant faculties of the soul. Had not Newton's opinion, with respect to the figure of the earth, been called in question, its true form would not now have been proven. Had not Christianity been opposed and reviled by its enemies, we should not now have been so fully able to prove the divinity of the Scriptures; and I question much if our ancestors would have taken so much pains, as they have done, to preserve and transfer to us these repositories of truth, had they not been opposed. Whatever may be said in support of one mind and one opinion actuating a whole community, in every respect, the truth is, that should such a thing universally take place, society would not only become irksome and insipid, but mankind would degenerate; and instead of improving and refining each other in knowledge, would become little better than barbarians in the rude and uncultivated wilds of nature. X.

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COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

PRAY, sir, how much wine can you drink at a sitting, and not endanger your health?

With segars and a good song occasionally, I think I can put three or four bottles under my jacket in an afternoon and evening, and retire with decency.

Then I presume sir, you are seldom mortified by the necessity of declining a sitting party because you can't drink.

O never; I have an excellent strong head, wine affects me no more than a cup of green tea does a lady. Indeed very much the same—it makes me a little gay and loquacious.

Strange perversion of reason; strange idea of glory, that a man should vaunt a real degradation of his nature! Is physical insensibility an honor? Is it a real cause of satisfaction that by force of pernicious habit the principle of life is so far extinguished, that the highest stimulants produce no derangement of the system?

The only difference between animate and inanimate matter is, that the former can be affected by such powers as wine, food and other stimulants, while the latter cannot.—He, therefore, who boasts that the strongest powers, scarcely affect the torpid fibres of his body, rejoices in the partial extinction of the principle of life. He seems to me to say, by long drenching myself with draughts of slow poison, I am at length so far dead, that I pour them down and experience no effect. [*Repertory.*

HISTORY.

THE CENCI FAMILY, AT ROME.

[*From Watkin's Travels.*]

IN one of the apartments of the castle of St. Angelo, we saw the armour of the celebrated general Bourbon, who was killed in scaling the walls of Rome, A. D. 1527, and weapons with which several remarkable assassinations had been perpetrated. I took up a stiletto, and inquiring the history of it, was informed that it was the same that the young and beautiful Beatrice Cenci had given to her father's murderers. As you probably have never heard this tale of horror, I will relate the particulars, which I had lately the curiosity to collect. It happened in the year 1598. The father, Francis Cenci, was descended from an illustrious family, and one of the most opulent noblemen in Rome; but of a disposition so depraved that human nature shudders at a ricital of his iniquity, and shrinks from the reflection. He was twice married; by his first wife he had five sons and two daughters. The sons he treated with extreme cruelty; and the elder daughter he would have debauched, had she not petitioned the Pope, who compeled him to bestow her in marriage. Thus disappointed in his desigh upon her, he determined to attempt the other, before she had arrived at those years in which reason might operate as an impediment to the deed. He did so, and by persuading her that the action was not criminal, unhappily succeeded. So abandoned was the monster of impiety, that he frequently committed the incest in his wife's presence. By her the daughter was made sensible of her criminality, and ever after refused to comply with his request. Her father then proceeded to exact by beating what he had before obtained by seduction. The unhappy Beatrice, to withdraw herself from his brutality, had recourse to the same expedient which had preserved her sister's innocence, and petitioned the Pope, Clement VIII. but it had not the same success, it being either neglected or forgotten. In this helpless situation, stung with remorse for the abominable crime she had committed, and continually urged to a repetition of it, she could devise no other means of avoiding the incestuous commerce than by taking the life of her seducer. For this purpose she entered into a conspiracy with her stept mother, her elder brother, James, and a certain Monsignor Guerra, a dignitary of the Church, and hired two assassins, Olympia and Martin, who were to receive a thousand crowns each for the murder. It was accordingly committed on the 9th of September, 1598, at a family seat near Rome. The bravos were introduced into the old man's chamber (he was then 70 years of age) at night, where they dispatched him with the dagger I have already mentioned. The next morning it was reported that he had died suddenly, and as there was no suspicion to the contrary, he was buried without examination.

Some time after the interment, the widow of the deceased sent a bundle of foul linen to a washerwoman in the neighborhood, not having examined the contents, from the suspicion that her step daughter had done it: among these were the bloody sheets in which the late murder was committed.

They were immediately sent to Rome, and in consequence all the Cenci family confined. Monsignor Guerra fled on the first report of this proceeding; but Olympia, having given some cause of suspicion, was apprehended and immediately made a deposition of the whole. The judges, however, not satisfied with this, determined to extort confession by torture, from the step mother, the elder son, and Beatrice.—With the two former they easily succeeded, but the most racking tormens could not overcome the silence of the latter, until confronted by the testimony of Olympia, and the declaration of her relatives, she was at length persuaded to acknowledge herself an accomplice in the crime. On this the Pope condemned them to be dragged to death at the tails of three wild horses, but deferred the execution of this 115 days, in which time the many powerful applications made in their behalf would probably have procured them a pardon, had not the murder of the noble Roman lady, Santa Croce, by her own son, determined him to make an example of the Cenci. He was, however persuaded to alter the sentence. On Saturday the eleventh of September, 1599, a scaffold was erected on the Porte St. Angelo, the common place of execution, to which the women were first conducted in funeral procession, and beheaded amidst the tears and groans of thousands. After them the eldest brother was lead out and deprived of life by the blow of a club. The misfortunes of the Cenci did not end here; for the younger sons, though innocent, were deprived of their virility, and the extensive property* of their house confiscated by Paul the Vth. (a Borghese) to enrich his family, which, as I before told you, is the most wealthy in Rome. Was this last act less iniquitous than the parricide? In their possession is the portrait of the ill fated Beatrice, done during her confinement by Guido; and I think I never saw a countenance less guilty or more beautiful.

* *This was the only motive that induced his Holiness to extirpate the Cenci.*

MORAL AND USEFUL.

REMARKS ON TRUTH.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth: it is apparent that men can be social beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

Truth is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument; it is the great man's glory, and the poor man's stock; a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letter of credit.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Where diligence opens the door of the understanding, and impartiality keeps it, truth is sure to find both an entrance and a welcome too. —

"*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*"

"An oath is a solemn appeal to the truth of God, and should never be administered but upon some important occasion. No ignorant person should be allowed to swear, who doth not regard the truth; it is of such a sacred nature that it cannot be too well fenced. Truth is a distinguishing principle of the mind, upon which depends the validity of every other principle and quality; the least deviation from it affects the whole moral system, and destroys all confidence amongst men. A liar is the most infamous and dangerous character; and a wretch that dares venture to swear a falsehood in the presence of Almighty God, must be a presumptious sinner indeed, and should be thrown out of all society." —

An ingenious method of propagating Cucumbers, for several crops in succession, without sowing them.

AS soon as there appears several flowerbuds on a plant, bend the second or third joint of a branch below the blossom, fasten it firmly into the ground, and cut off the capillary point of the plant. The new vegetable speedily takes root, when you separate it from the parent stock. Proceed thus with the most vigorous plants; and as each root has to supply only a few fruits with nourishment, you save both room, labor and time, while this process enables you to procure a constant succession of cucumbers for a num-

ber of months, from *one* sort, which is not so liable to degenerate, as if they were raised from a variety of seeds.

A HINT TO FARMERS.

If by drawing your manure only one hundred rods, and spreading it four inches deep on one acre of land for planting, you can obtain an hundred bushels of corn per acre, what a pity it is to draw it four hundred rods, and scatter it over eight acres, by spreading it half an inch thick, and obtaining only forty bushels per acre, with all the additional fatigue of man and beast.

Farmers, consider which is most to your advantage, to economise in this line, or continue to work, as it were, at arm's end, by extending your manure too far and too thin. Certainly the more compact your interest is, the easier can you govern and fence it.

AMUSING.

PRIDE HUMBLED.

A YOUNG lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods.—"Pray madam," said the grey-headed steward, "may I humbly intreat that you will not go far from home; you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality." "Give your advice," answered she, "when desired; I admit of no instructions from servants." She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and cool breeze. Fatigue seized her; regardless of high birth, she sat down on a smooth place at the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postillion. "You are far from home, madam, will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's."—"Prithee fellow, be not officious." Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horse-back, "Mistress, will you get up behind me, dobbin is sure footed, you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, nor much out of my way."—"Mistress!" exclaimed she, "how dare you presume—" "No offence," said the young man, and rode away humming a song "I love Sue."

It was night, the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled; and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung-cart. "Friend," said she, in an humble accent, "will you let me go with you."

Pride is the most galling burden a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune—Pride is the cause of many.

—⊙— P. PUNCTILLIO.

ANECDOTES.

THE Rev. Mr. Buckley, of Colchester, in Connecticut, was famous in his day as a casuist and sage counsellor. A church in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Mr. Buckley for his advice: with a request that he would send it to them in writing. The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice, with much deliberation, committed to writing. It so happened, that Mr. Buckley had a farm in an extreme part of the town, upon which he entrusted a tenant (for in those aristocratic days of our forefathers it was no sin for a clergyman to own lands and other property, provided he came honestly by them.) It was necessary for Mr. B. to give some directions to his tenant; in superscribing the two letters the one for the church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the church. The church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes—the moderator read as follows: "You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the OLD BLACK BULL."

This mystical advice puzzled the church at first. But an interpretor among the more discerning ones was soon found, who said—"Brethren, this is the very advice which we need. The direction to repair the fences is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members: we must guard the church by our master's laws and keep out strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a particular manner set a watchful guard over the Devil, the OLD BLACK BULL, who has done us so much hurt of late."

All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Buckley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all their animosities subsided, and peace and harmony were restored to the long afflicted church. What the subject of the letter sent to the tenant was, and what good effects it had upon him, the story does not tell us.

A certain Judge elevated with the juice of the grape, entered a barber's shop in this vicinity (says a gazette printed in the state of New-York) a few weeks since, to get shaved. After the business was accomplished, he tendered the barber six-pence, who took it and returned three-pence change. "But how is this," exclaimed his honor, "you have always charged six-pence for shaving, and here you charged but three-pence?" "True," replied the barber, "but you were *half-shaved* before."

VARIETY.

SEE YONDER SOLEMN FOP?

HE and you were once in the same condition; and there, by his conduct, he confessed you to be his equal. Speak to him, and ask why he talks thus haughtily before you? He, with a look of disdain, says he is above you; he has more money, better apparel, and a higher parentage than you possess. He also swears that he is handsomer than you, and is more beloved by certain frail mortals, whom he calls ladies. He farther insists, that he oftener gets drunk, talks more foolishly, and blasphemes more genteelly, than you ever did, or even can do. He damns your learning and your virtue, and struts on. A storm frolics and his ships are sunken. A fire sports, and his treasure is dissipated. A wind blows, and his fields are blighted. All his prospects are withered! Where are his friends? Alas, what is he now!

USE OF MONEY.

Since money has become the sign of our wants, and their exchange, every thing must necessarily be sold and purchased. The general, the officer and the soldier sell their limbs and lives; and what are taxes, excise and duties, but the wages of our governors? —Why then should an author be ashamed to sell his works? Why should it be thought, that fame should be the only salary of a writer? Why should an author be ashamed to sell his discoveries, or to set a price upon his own ideas? And why should a people collectively receive, gratis, lessons and advice, for which they must pay a price as individuals?

A sullen wise man is as bad as a good natured fool.—Knowledge, softened with complacency and good breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love.

'I touch the hand of the person next me," says Werter, 'I feel it is made of wood.'—Alas! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of wood! and how often in the courtesies of life!—Offer your hand to Candidus; and he holds out one finger. Offer it to Clericus; he perhaps coldly gives you two. Prætor gives you his whole hand; but it is wood—wood indeed. While Benevolus with his hand at once meets yours.—There is heart and soul in the compression; there is friendship in the very touch!

A loaded pistol was fired inadvertently against a young woman, in Manchester; the ball struck against her breast but having a *silk handkerchief* on it, did her no other injury than producing a violent contusion. This produced the following wager: that a ball would not penetrate a dog, if covered with a silk handkerchief. The trial was made along shore, near Liverpool, a few days ago with success, and although repeated several times, produced on other affect than bruising that part where the ball hit. Singular as this may appear, we are assured by our informant, that it is a fact, and that no ball will penetrate a body cloathed with a silk garment.

POETRY.

RURAL SKETCHES,

WRITTEN DURING THE PREVALENCE OF THE YELLOW FEVER IN 1802.

Farewel to the scenes of the preceding sketches, on returning home.

HOW throbs my heart while now I sing,
Ye much lov'd scenes a fond farewel,
To each lone spot, each chrystal spring,
Each fragrant bower and bloomy dell.

No more, amid your pleasing shade,
The solitary bard shall roam,
But every care with joy repaid,
He seeks again his native home.

Health, blue-ey'd nymph, with port sublime,
Comes rising on the northern blast,
And now once more revolving time
Proclaims the tyrant's reign is past.

Terror, no more with ghastly mein,
Presides o'er every social dome,
But welcome Peace, with smile serene,
Recals us to our native home.

Father of light, whose dread command
Can still the raging whirlwind's force,
Spread desolation o'er the land,
Or stay the avenging angel's course.

To thee the grateful knee shall bend,
That now no more compel'd to roam,
We see the cherub Health descend,
To bless our much lov'd native home.

Ye winding streams, whose murm'ring sound
Oft sooth'd my sorrows to repose;
Ye fragrant bowers, that vines surround,
Where bloom'd the lily and the rose—

To all your native charms, farewel,
Amid your sweets no more I'll roam,
The daisied mead, the silvan cell,
Seem joyless to the thoughts of home.

Yet oft in scenes of pleasing care,
Remembrance shall your charms renew,
That hush'd the sigh of fell despair;
And bade me brighter prospects view;

Though fancy to my sight recal,
The busy street, the friendly dome,
One grateful tear for you will fall,
Ere I shall hail my native home.

[*Port Folio.*] LYSANDER.

—⊕—

THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

AN ORIGINAL ODE.

Written by R. T. Paine, jun. Esq. and sung at the Anniversary Celebration of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire-Society, June 1, 1804.

THE Street was a Ruin, and night's horrid glare
Illumin'd with terror, the face of despair;
While houseless, bewailing,
Mute pity assailing,
A MOTHER's wild shrieks pierc'd the merciless air.

Beside her stood EDWARD, imploring each wind,
To wake his lov'd sister, who linger'd behind;
Awake, my poor MARY,
Oh! fly to me MARY,
In the arms of your EDWARD, a pillow you'll find.

In vain he call'd, for now the volum'd smoke
Crackling between the parting rafters broke;
Through the rent seams the forked flames aspire,
All, all is lost—the roof's on fire; the roof's on fire.

A flash from the window brought MARY to view,
She scream'd as around her the flames fiercely blew;
Where art thou Mother!
Oh! fly to me Brother!
Oh! save your poor MARY, who lives but for you;
Leave not poor MARY,
Ah! save your poor MARY!

Her vision'd form descrying,
On wings of horror flying,
The youth erects his frantic gaze,
Then plunges in the maddening blaze!
Aloft he dauntless soars,
The flaming room explores;
The roof in cinders crushes,
Through tumbling walls he rushes;
She's safe from fear's alarms;
She faints in EDWARD's arms!

Oh! Nature, such thy triumphs are,
Thy simplest child can bravely dare!

—⊕—

THE DRESS OF 1700.

WHAT modesty now mark'd our fair,
They did not leave their bosoms bare,
Creating passion!
But hiding almost all the skin,
They wore large caps tied under chin:
Ah! good old fashion!
And the rough handkerchiefs did so pin,
That no part of the breast lay open.

The titled lady neat and prim,
Exhibited a person slim,
With waist so nice and taper;
How neatly fix'd was every pin!
So tightly lac'd she look'd as thin,
As was her own thread-paper,
And then by a large HOOP's assistance,
She kept the foopling at a distance.

The Macaroni, like a lord,
Walk'd with full bottom'd wig and sword,
And cravat as was made then;
A long square coat with a large cuff,
For tailors put in cloth enough,
A sign that they were paid then!
With fierce cock'd hat they look'd like men,
And wore two costly rings;
At first large buckles, small ones then—
But never thought of strings.

—⊕—

THE BANKS OF AYR.

BY R. BURNS.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the bonnie banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
He sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore,
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear;
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
Those bleed a fresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewel old Coila's hills and dales,
The healthy moor and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewel, my friends! Farewel, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewel the bonnie banks of Ayr.

—⊕—

[COMMUNICATED.]

A Country Quarter Session.

THREE or four parsons, full of October,
Three or four 'squires, between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers, three or four liars,
Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
Three or four parishes, bringing appeals,
Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
Three or four b.....s, three or four w....s,
Tag, rag, and bobtail, three or four scores;
Three or four statutes, misunderstood,
Three or four paupers, all praying for food;
Three or four roads, that never was mended,
Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

—⊕—

[The following Persion ode of Hafit is from a prose translation of Sir William Jones, and was versified by Mr. G. Walker.]

YE honey'd gales, that sweetly blow,
Why steal you fragrance from my love?
Why, when her musky tresses flow,
Their spicy odours dare you move;

Ye moss grown roses, what are ye,
That with her blushing cheeks compare?
As peaches, soft and fresh, is she,
But rankling thorns your bosoms bear.

O, pale Narcissus, meek and mild,
Think is your languish like her eye,
Melting to softest love inclin'd?
While you are sick to faint and die.

Ye pines that clothe Gilboa's side,
Where is your stature, where your grace?
Where, in the garden, is your pride
Since to my love you yield a place.

O, sweet Basil, more sweet than loves,
Why with her cheeks carnation vie;
There musk, more fresh than morning roves,
In scents thy fading charms deny.

O, wisdom, what hast thou to choose,
(If yet to choose were in thy power)
All other gifts thou would'st refuse,
To gain her love one transient hour.

Come, my belov'd, to Hafiz come,
Delight his bosom with thy stay,
His choicest groves of rich perfume
Invite, if but one single day.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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